PLATINUM GRIT

EPISODE 12

THIS IS STUPID.
'TIS THE PLAN, MY CLEVER MASTER. IF YOU'VE A BETTER ~—?

I'VE HEARD TELL, PUSS, OF DARK AND SAVOURLESS PRACTICES..... INVOLVING MUD. MAYHAP THIS DITCH IS TAINTED.
I BEG YOU, GOOD AND WISE MASTER, GIVE O'ER YOUR PROTESTATION AND FORTHWITH GET IN THE PUDDLE.
SAY AGAIN YOUR REASONING, GOOD PUSS?
AGAIN.
PRITHEE.
THEN ONCE MORE, MASTER.... MASTER.
YOU'RE POOR. YOU HAVEN'T A SINGLE PENNY TO RUB TOGETHER. THE KING, CONVERSELY, HAS. THEREFORE — YOU GET IN THIS DITCH.

IN IT, YOU SAY.
AYE.
.... SO NEAR THE DITCH WON'T DO?
NAY.
...AND IT MUST NEEDS BE THIS –
MARRY COME UP SIR, NO DITCH BUT THIS!
WHEN WITH MY HELP WE'LL MAKE HIS HIGHNESS SEE A NOBLEMAN BROUGHT LOW, PRESENTLY O'ERWHELMED BY BRIGANDS AND LEFT PENNILESS.
AND YET, I'M ALREADY PENNILESS OUT OF THE DITCH.....
INDEED, MY LORD, AND SOON TO BE POORER BY A CAT.

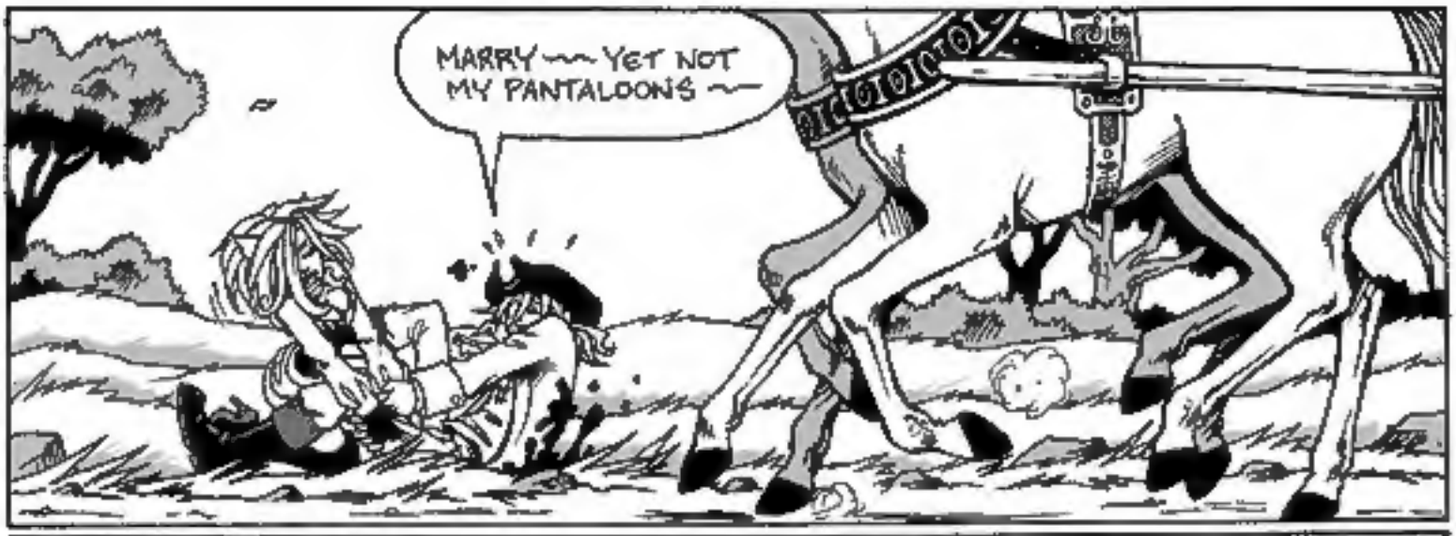
BUT 'TWILL SOIL MY GARMENTS FAIR!
NOT IF YOU DO THEM..... ...OFF.
AH.
...AU NATUREL.
...'TIS PASSING STRANGE, GOOD PUSS, THAT EVEN YET THERE RUNS LIKE QUICKSILVER THROUGH ALL YOUR SCHEMES THAT ELUSIVE THREAD OF LOGIC WHICH I'LL NOW CONSTRUE:
THAT I MUST NEEDS, BEFORE THE DAY IS OUT, LIKE UNTO THE BRIGHT CICADA ~~
~DOFF MY DUDS.
IT'S NOT ME. IT'S THE PLAN.

FIND YOU NOT THAT... ...ODD, THOUGH?
MASTERFUL MASTER, REASON! EVEN OUR PRESENT MONARCH – WHO IS, I VOUCHSAFE, MERE MOMENTS FROM THIS VERY GLADE –

AS THOUGH YOU HAD SOME ...INTEREST IN MY NETHER GARMENTS.
– WILL BE PRESSED TO CREDIT YOUR RECENT STRAITENING AN YOU'RE STANDING HERE IN SPOTLESS GABARDINE AND BREECHES.
NOW GET 'EM OFF AND MUD UP!

'TIS FOOLISH AND UNWARRANTED.
I'LL NONE OF IT.
YOU'LL SODDING WELL SOME OF IT, SUNSHINE.

PUSS!
HELP, HO! MY MASTER'S ATTACKED!
WHAT HIGHWAY DEVILMENT IS HERE?
HOLP, MURDER, HO!

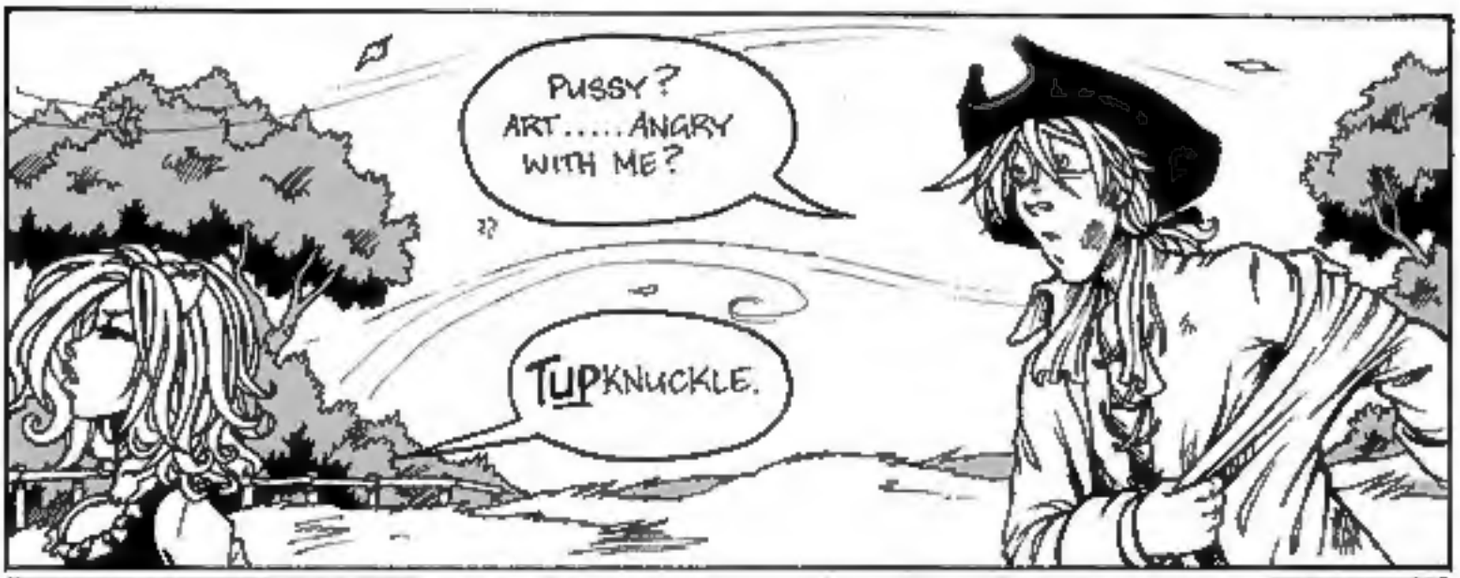

MARRY ~~ YET NOT MY PANTALOONS ~~

STRIP FOR THE KING!
HEY!
EAT THE RICH!
OW! PUSS!

PUSS?

ODD'S....
...HURTING...

FISH!
PUSS?


PUSSY? ART.....ANGRY WITH ME?
TUPKNUCKLE.

YOU ARE, AREN'T YOU? PUSS?
BE NOT DISPOSED TO IRE, GOOD.....

...PUSS?

I'M SORRY. YOU'RE WHERE?
Ask me what sort of day I've had.
Go on. Ask me.
.....NOT SLIPPERY IT DOESN'T COUNT.
THAT'S DISGUSTING.
I THOUGHT IT PROBABLY WAS.
YOU REALLY THINK YOU'RE~? I MEAN YOU'RE NOT JUST GOING TO GET THE SNIFFLES?
I CAN SEE MY BREATH...
UHN. ALL RIGHT. I'LL GET YOU STARTED.
I've had a shit of a day. Thank-you-for-asking.

FACE-DOWN IN JUNKET
BUT BY THE TIME THINGS GET SLIPPERY, YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN.
In *fact*, I've had a shit of a more-than-twenty-four-hour-period. This all happened last night.
How I spent my holidays.
101 uses for a dead accountant
Why we hate the young.
Should affairs be compulsory?
Make your life better with pornography.
What's with banks?
How I changed the free world with one crappy magazine article.
Men. Where are they?
Where's the fun?
.....As I tried to justify my long absence from work with a list of potential killer articles, each one the merest polish away from final copy.
SHOULDN'T YOU GET A DOCTOR TO DO THIS?
FEH.
AND WITH A SAW?
CAREFUL. I FELT THAT.
UM. ARE YOU GOING TO TAKE A TURN?
I CAN'T REACH.

ANYWAY, IT'S EASIER IF YOU DO IT.
EXCUSE ME. PRIVATE CONSULTATION
KEEP THE SPECULUM WHERE I CAN SEE IT!
SLAM!
WHAT ARE YOU PLAYING AT?
DOCTORS?

SHE'S WALKING ALL OVER YOU AND YOU'RE YOU'RE ENJOYING IT

NO I'M NOT

HOW CAN YOU BE SO~?
WHAT?

A FEW DAYS AGO YOU WERE BEING TORTURED!
WELL YEAH, BUT

"BUT"?

I'M NOT NOW

RIGHT YOU'RE NOT NOW.
OY! A LITTLE OUTPATIENTRY HERE!
OF COURSE YOU'RE NOT
NILS WANTS ME NOW.
GO. GO PLAY DOCTOR
What - exactly I was expecting. I don't know.
FASTER THAN THAT
SORRY
Freak
But my concentration was shot for the rest of the evening And when I tried to bluff my way through the first big meeting.

HELL! HEADS UP, I'M BACK!

YEAH?

SORRY, I THOUGHT THIS WAS . ISN'T THIS HELENE DRISCOLL'S OFFICE?
I DUNNO.
THANKS. VERY HELPFUL

YEAH WELL WOULD YOU SHUT THE DOOR? I'M MEANT TO BE SMOKING RIGHT NOW
RIGHT SORRY
Seem to be saying *that* a lot lately

JESUS
Smoking. Of course.
FIRE DOOR
Good to see my editor's had as much success with the Quit program as I have. Although I could have hoped for a little more nicotine fuelled rationality during my big pitch.
NO
LITIGIOUS
CRAP
COSMO DID THAT LAST MONTH
NUH-UH
WE DID THAT LAST MONTH
NOPE
FUCKING WOMEN'S WEEKLY DID THAT LAST MONTH
NOT THIS TIME, SWEETIE
ELECTIVE SURGERY SELLS TOO WELL
HEART SAYS YES. GUT SAYS NO
OUR TARGET AUDIENCE IS CHILD PROSTITUTES.
SORRY SWEETS
WHAT ELSE YOU GOT?
WHERE'S THE FUN ?

HAVE YOU GOT AN ANSWER IN MIND?
OPEN
WHAT DOES A GIRL IN HER (AHEM) MID-TWENTIES DO WHEN IT SEEMS LIKE THERE'S NO JOY LEFT IN HER LIFE?
IS THAT HOW IT SEEMS?

Well it certainly did a moment later. When I discovered that my best friend and co-conspirator at Sasse had been summarily replaced with a twenty year old, underdressed, perky brain eating zombie

ME
YOU'VE MET MEGAN.

I DIDN'T REALISE YOU SMOKED.
THANKS, I WILL
Make that brain - EATEN.

Unbe-fucking-lievable. "Marriage is the answer to a girl's every need." What exactly were we fighting for, all those years? And when I say we, I mean my mother, really, though I used to belt out a pretty convincing rendition of *I Am Woman* at family get-togethers. Or was that Andre? Whatever. The point is that I'm standing there clutching this raw papier-mâché that moments earlier had been lists of *really good ideas*, staring into the ditz of Hell.

And it just came out.
PORNOGRAPHY
FOR, AGAINST, OR MIXED?
I JUST THOUGHT WE COULD PRINT SOME
am so fired. How fired am I? "So."
I LIKE PORN
HM. SHOW ME SOMETHING TOMORROW
AND THE "SOUL'S EMPTY, MIGHT AS WELL SHOP" THING AS WELL K?
OKAY
Then all I had to do was write it.

He was big. He was cut. He was surprisingly sensitive.
When he felt my tits, he cried.

BRIIING!

WHAT?
HI KATE! YOU SOUND REALLY DEPRESSED!
YEAH, THERE'S A SPECIAL FILTER ON THE PHONE

REALLY?
TA-TAK TA-TAK TOK
HEY, YOU'RE YOUNG, TELL ME DOES "CUT" STILL MEAN WELL-BUILT? OR HAS IT GONE BACK TO MEANING ANGRY?

DOESN'T IT MEAN . . . YOU KNOW, WHAT YOU DO WITH SCISSORS?
TAK. TA-TAK TA-TAK TAK-K-K-K-K. BORRK

WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON OVER THERE?

WE'RE TEACHING ARTHUR TO PLAY TABLE TENNIS HE'S REALLY GOOD!
HE CHEATS!
YOU HAVE TO COME HOME FOR THE GRUDGE MATCH NILS DOESN'T WANT TO PLAY WITH EITHER OF US

I'M GOING TO BE A WHILE, JER I MIGHT NOT GET BACK TO THE CASTLE TONIGHT

WHY NOT?
JEREMY, IT'S NOT LIKE I LIVE THERE

I THOUGHT YOU DID.

LOOK I SHOULD GO. CALL ME LATER
OKAY

WHAT?
NOTHING

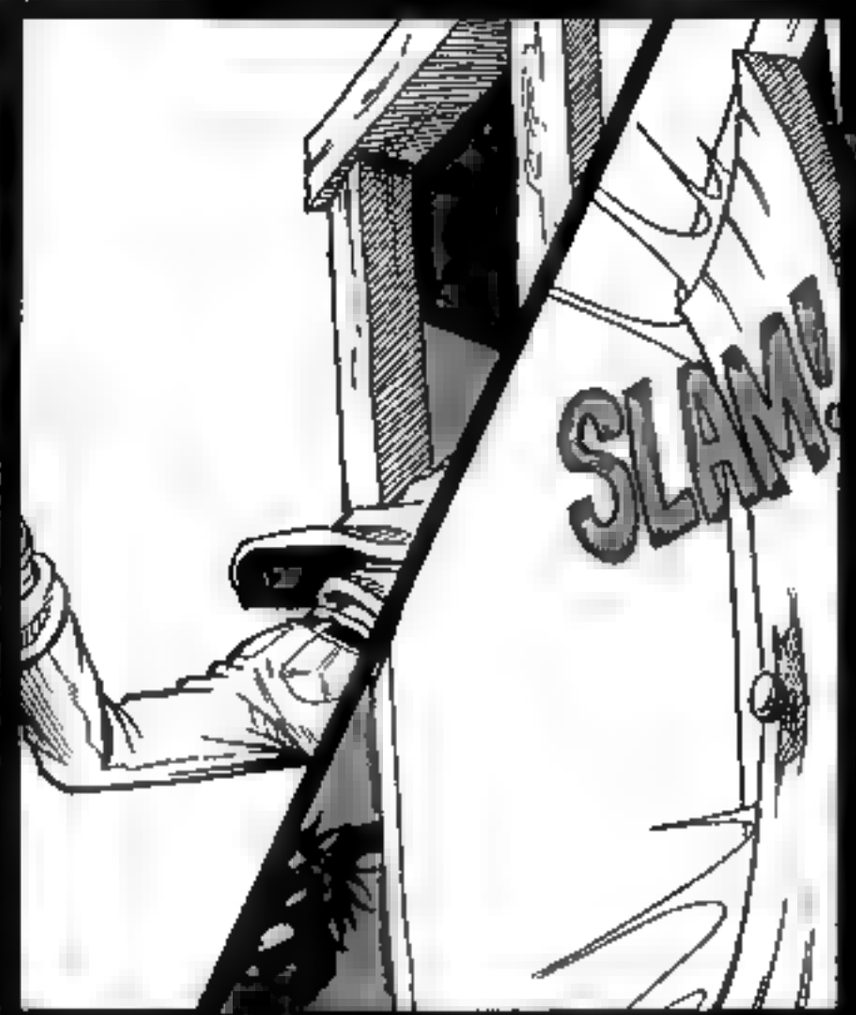
Some days it ain't worth lifting your head off the desk
BEEP!

FAIRY BREAD?
FAIRY TOAST
LISTEN, KATE SAID —
HEY!
SPLAK!
CUP CAKE! HE'S A CUPCAKE!

SPLACH!
SPLUC!

BREATHE! BREATHE!!
OW! HOT WATER!
PLIP!

OY! GET BACK HERE! NO-ONE GETS CLEAN BEFORE ME!


SLAM!

TAK! TAK!

THUMP

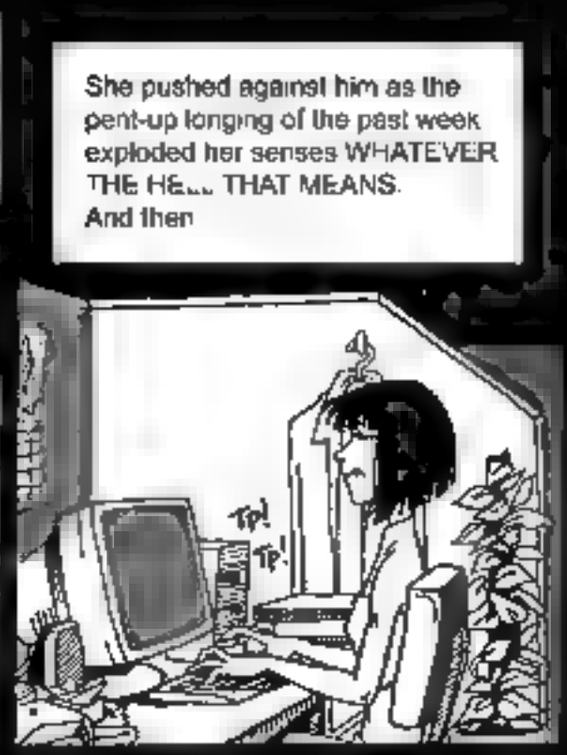
THUMP!
NILS, COME ON, I WON FAIR AND SQUARE.
ANYWAY, I WON'T BE LONG. YOU WON'T EVEN HAVE TIME TO SET UM

YOU KNOW, IT'S NOT A GAME IF YOU WIN ALL THE TIME . . .

THUMP!

THUMP!

Her skin was hungry for his touch BECAUSE IT HAD ONLY HAD A SLICE OF TOAST ALL DAY She gasped as his big horny hands HEE HEE HEE OH GOD WHAT AM I, ELEVEN? stroked her cheek, and brushed her full, pouting lips.
TP TP TP TP TP


She pushed against him as the pent-up longing of the past week exploded her senses WHATEVER THE HE... THAT MEANS. And then
TP! TP!

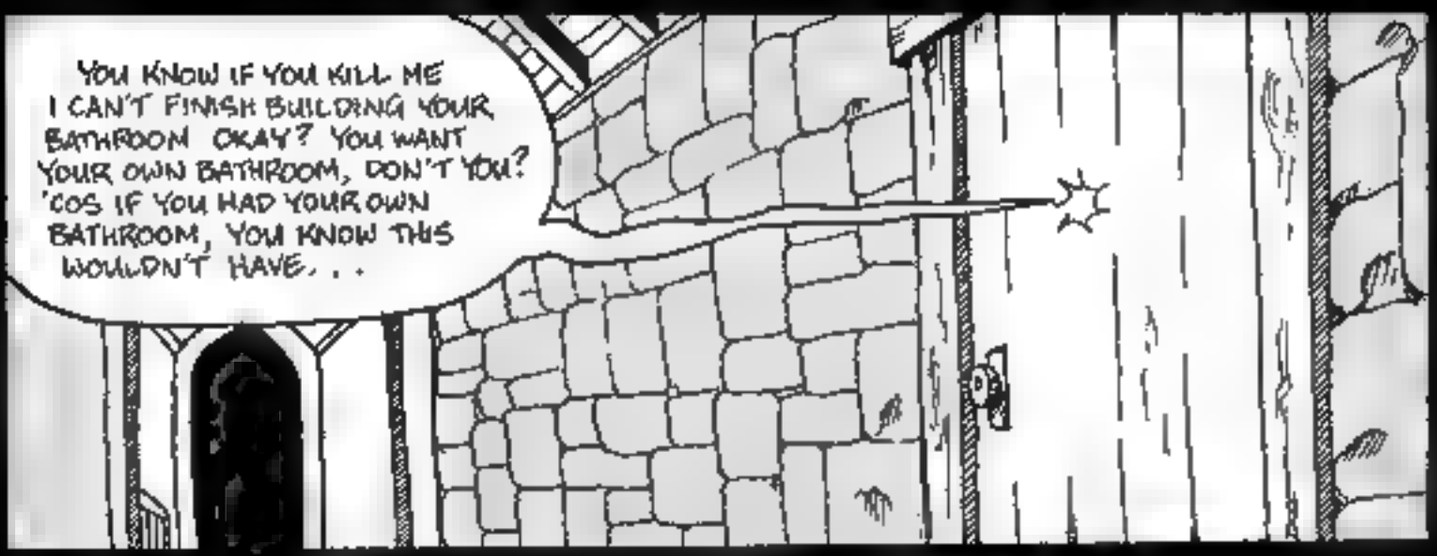
And then

And then.

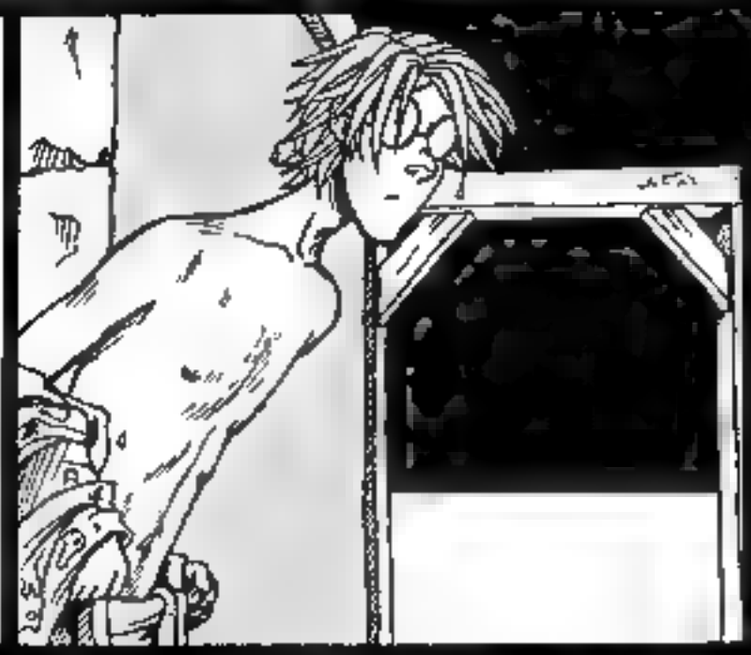
And then he fucked her
TP TP TP
TP

About bloody time, too

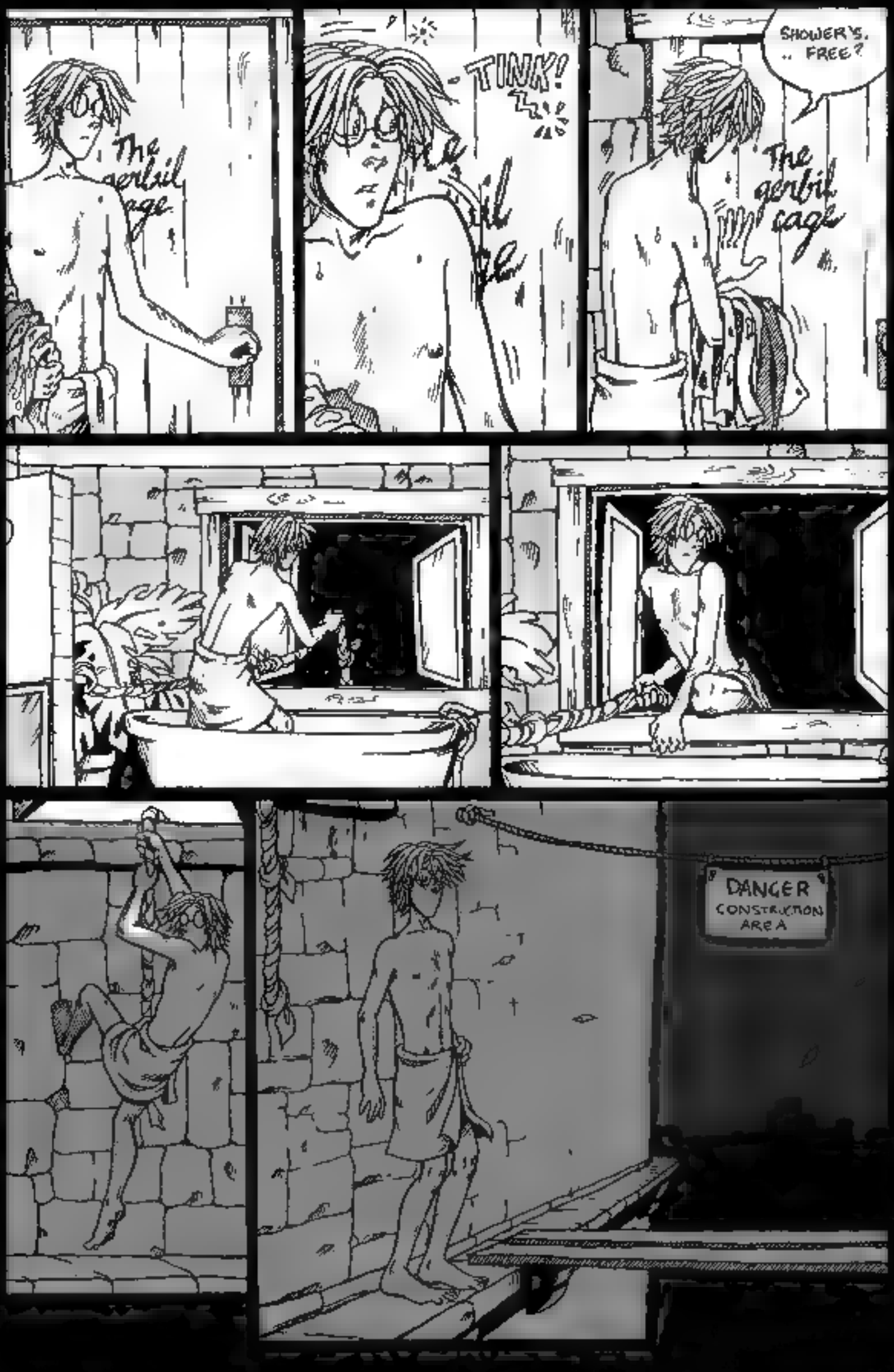
THUMP!
THUMP!
NILS? THERE'S PLENTY OF WATER LEFT!
I TOLD YOU!
NILS? I'M SORRY!


YOU KNOW IF YOU KILL ME I CAN'T FINISH BUILDING YOUR BATHROOM OKAY? YOU WANT YOUR OWN BATHROOM, DON'T YOU? 'COS IF YOU HAD YOUR OWN BATHROOM, YOU KNOW THIS WOULDN'T HAVE. . .

NILS?



The gerbil cage.


TINK!
SHOWER'S.. FREE?
DANGER
CONSTRUCTION AREA

I don't think so

SNIP!

SLAM!

CLICK!

Try the planks
NNRRRRRRR
DANGER
TANK!
CRASH!
FLP!

Oh well...
FLP!
Throw me the towel.
. I BRING THIS ON MYSELF, DON'T I?
FLASH!
K-CHRRRK!
WELL, MR MACCONNOR.

CHOFF
CHUNG
I BELIEVE I HAVE THE UPPER HAND.
CRIK!
CARE TO FOLD?

NO?
EXCELLENT I LIKE YOUR SPIRIT.
AS YOU CAN SEE, I HAVE LEFT THE SAFETY ROPE INTACT
DANGER CONSTRUCTION AREA

IF YOU WISH FOR SANCTUARY- YOU HAVE ONLY TO CLIMB ACROSS.
.. BUT I'LL NEED BOTH HANDS FOR THAT
THEREIN LIES THE GAME, MY HARD-NIPPLED FRIEND.
HEY!

THE CHOICE IS YOURS
DYING OF EXPOSURE, OR..
JUST EXPOSURE

THIS ISN'T FAIR!

PLEASE! ISN'T THERE ANOTHER WAY OUT? PLEASE!?!

PERHAPS, MY SOAP-SCENTED FRIEND, PERHAPS.
BUT BEAR IN MIND, THERE IS NO POINT ASKING ME TO FOREGO ONE PLEASURE WITHOUT OFFERING ME ANOTHER TO REPLACE IT.

IN FACT, THE ONLY SUITABLE ALTERNATIVE I COULD IMAGINE WOULD BE
WHAT?

NO, I THINK I PREFER OUR CURRENT ARRANGEMENT

WHAT?
WHAT??
WHAT ELSE CAN I DO?

WELL ..
YES?

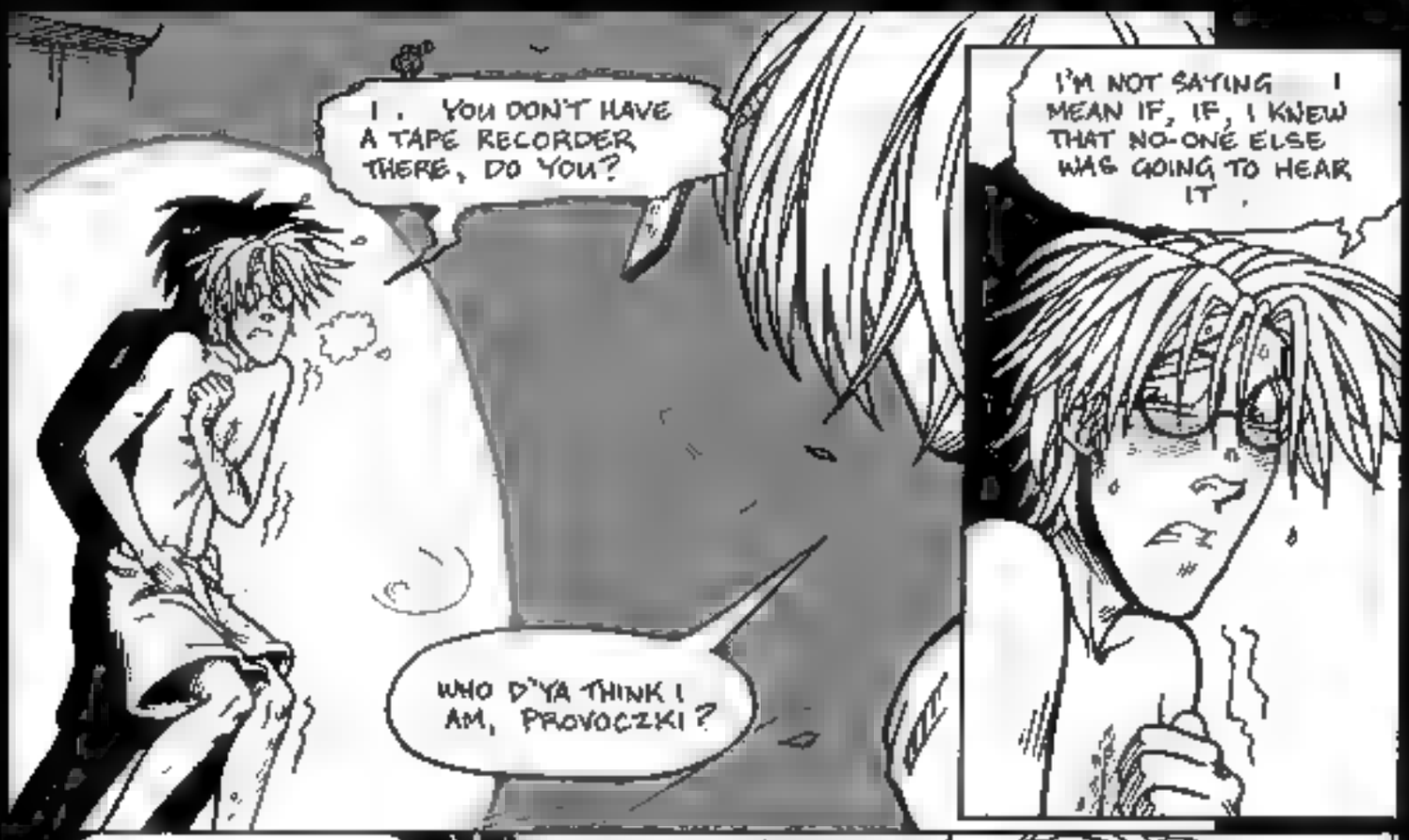
I SUPPOSE YOU COULD.
YES??

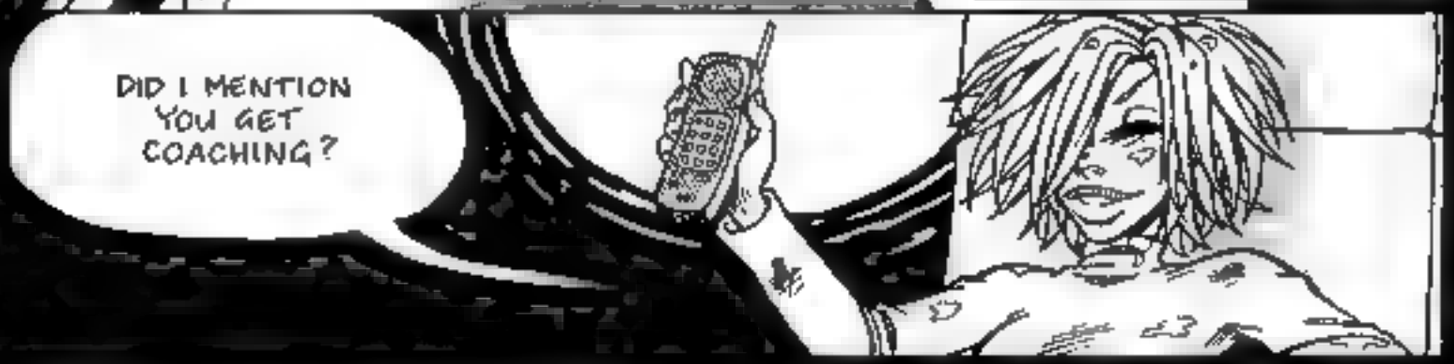
... TALK DIRTY TO ME.

SHALL I START YOU OFF?
NO!

LAST CHANCE

EXCITE ME.


I . YOU DON'T HAVE A TAPE RECORDER THERE, DO YOU?
I'M NOT SAYING I MEAN IF, IF, I KNEW THAT NO-ONE ELSE WAS GOING TO HEAR IT .
WHO D'YA THINK I AM, PROVOCZKI?


DID I MENTION YOU GET COACHING?

while his throbbing manhood (MANHOOD? MANL NESS? MANHOODLINESS, HOW 'BOUT THAT?) presses against my delicate (WHO AM I KIDDING?) tender (SOUNDS LIKE I'VE GOT A RASH SUPPLE?) my supple ohjesuswept

RING

HI JER

I'M SORRY YOU'RE WHERE?
FOUR MINUTES FIFTY!
.. REALLY DIRTY, NOT JUST STUPID DIRTY, AND I'VE GOT FIVE MINUTES TO GET HER .. ... UM.
FOUR MINUTES FORTY!
WHAT WAS THAT?
SHE SAYS AFTER FIVE MINUTES, IF SHE'S NOT SLIPPERY, IT DOESN'T COUNT
I THOUGHT IT PROBABLY WAS

I CAN SEE MY BREATH
KATE? I'M REALLY SORRY ABOUT THIS.
FOUR MINUTES!
HOW'S YOUR DAY BEEN?

OKAY, TRY THIS.
UM. "I'VE BEEN FIXING THE GENERATOR. IT'S HOT AND THE MACHINERY GRIME IS CAKED TO MY SWEATY BARE CHEST."
I DON'T THINK SHE MEANS THAT SORT OF DIRTY..

JUST – JUST SHUT UP AND GO WITH ME, WILL YOU?
"YOU MOVE TOWARDS ME, CLOSER. I'VE NEVER BEEN SO AWARE OF YOUR PRESENCE, OF THE BODY HEAT RADIATING THROUGH YOUR T-SHIRT."
"I CAN'T HELP BUT BRUSH AGAINST YOUR SKIN, AND THAT FIRST ELECTRIC CONTACT MAKES TINY GOLDEN HAIRS RISE ALONG YOUR ARMS."

"I SMILE"
"NOW I'M SURE"
"YOUR EYES NEVER LEAVE MINE WHILE MY OIL-STREAKED, CALLUSED HANDS SLIDE ACROSS THE SMOOTH SKIN OF YOUR BELLY, THEN DIP LOWER ~—"

"~TEASINGLY, TOWARDS ~~"
IS SHE WEARING UNDIES?

WELL, LET'S NOT ASSUME.
"I FOLLOW WITH MY MOUTH, HOT BREATH CARESSING YOUR FLESH INTO GOOSE PIMPLES."

"MY HANDS ARE LOCKED AROUND YOUR WRISTS NOW, IMMOBILIZING YOU YOU'RE COMPLETELY IN MY POWER AS YOU ARCH TOWARDS ME BUT NOT YET . NOT YET"
I CAN'T HEAR YOU SPEAKING ARE YOU GETTING ALL THIS?

"I HAVEN'T LET YOU GO, BUT SOMEHOW WE'RE ON THE FLOOR. YOU STRUGGLE BUT I'M TOO STRONG."

"NOW I'M HOLDING YOU DOWN WITH ONE HAND, WAITING, WAITING, DO YOU WANT ME? YOU HAVE TO SAY YOU WANT ME. I RUN MY THUMBNAIL OVER THE CURVE OF YOUR BREAST, UNDER THE NIPPLE AND THEN BACK, BRUSHING EVER SO LIGHTLY THROUGH THE SOFT COTTON OF YOUR TOP, UNDER AND BACK, UNDER AND BACK, AND THEN I CAN'T STAND IT AND I'M TEARING AT YOUR T-SHIRT UNTIL IT DISINTEGRATES IN MY HANDS AND I DRINK YOU IN WITH MY EYES. DO YOU WANT ME? I WANT YOU, DO YOU WANT ME?"

"MY MOUTH IS DRY AS I ROUGHLY FORCE YOUR LEGS APART AND PRESS DOWN ON YOU WITH MY WHOLE WEIGHT AND I'M HARD, SO HARD AND HOT THAT YOU'RE MELTING UNDER ME AS I TEASE YOU OPEN AND I'M INSIDE YOU, FILLING YOU, HARD AND HOT AND DEEP, SO DEEP, DEEPER THAN YOU'VE EVER KNOWN.
I POSSESS YOU."

HOH. OKAY
THAT'S ALL YOU'RE GETTING FROM ME. YOU WILL NEVER BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND HOW MUCH I NEED A CIGARETTE RIGHT NOW.
CLICK!

KATE SAYS "HI".
TIME'S UP!

I'M NOT DOING IT

FINE THROW ME THE TOWEL
AND I HOPE YOU'VE GOT A STIFFY, 'COS I SURE AS HELL HAVEN'T

NO. UH, SORRY
I'M TAKING THE OTHER WAY OUT

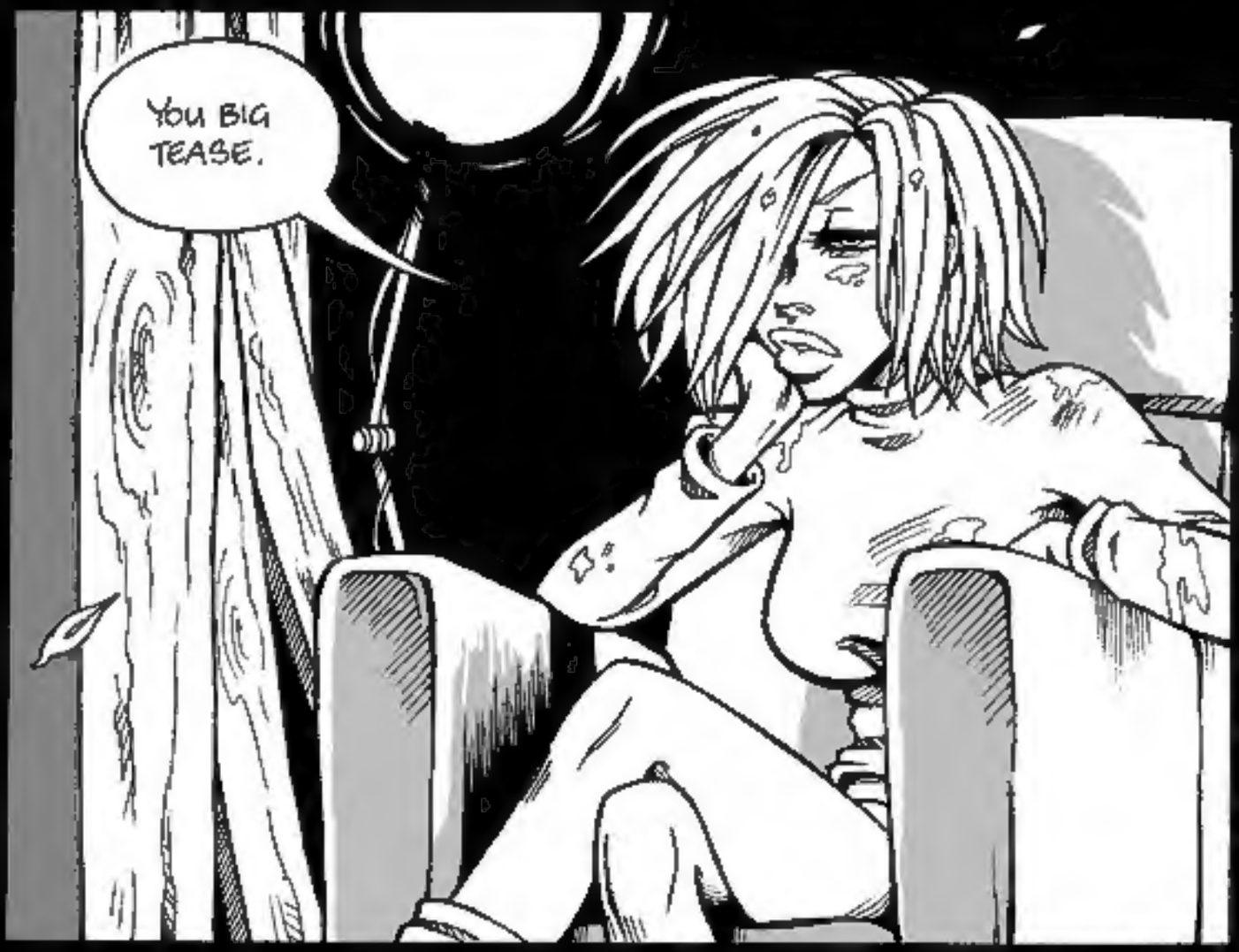
THERE ISN'T AN—

DANGER
?

DANGER

CRUNCH!

OH...BLOODY ....HELL....
YOU KNOW YOU'VE GOTTA LET GO OF THAT TOWEL ONE DAY!
OH, YOU~~?
OH, COME ON!
YEAH THAT'S RIGHT, FALL UNCONSCIOUS THEN, GOOD ON YOU.
NOT EVEN LOOKING!


YOU BIG TEASE.

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